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HUGH McDONALD SCOTT.

"The words that were written on his heart."

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The history of Chicago Theological Seminary has been marked by the fact of personal devotion to an unusual degree. The men who founded it and those who presided over its growing work were given with singular consecration to the institution. They did not serve it for a part of the time and as a minor interest; but they made it the one supreme concern of all their life and to it they gave the full devotion of their powers. President Fisk was a typical example of this temper and service.

Thus Professor Hugh M. Scott bore the Seminary on his heart and thus he served it in all that he did. Few men had wider interests than he, or had swept the whole field of learning more widely and closely; but it was all brought into harmony with his one great love, the Seminary. There never was a time during the vacation when the institution called for his presence that he was not on hand. Whenever duties seemed to be in conflict, he had one sure standard by which he could reach decision; the welfare of the Seminary was his rule of life.

It might seem that this would be a narrowing concern and that one who thus thought and acted would find his life

running in thin streams of enthusiasm. Not so with Professor Scott. He made this the very principle that released him into large room and inspired him with permanent and high motive. Instead of being a narrow man he was a broad man who brought the whole force of his personality to the keen cutting edge of loyalty to the Seminary and devotion to its needs.

In the best sense of the words a great institution is always the representation of the ideals of a personality. The man is the school and the school is the man. It is almost possible to make the terms interchangeable. There are many students who find that the name of their college calls the name of some one of the instructors to leap to their minds. It is because the person has come to represent the college. This was true in the case of Professor Scott and Chicago Seminary. The names are almost synonymous. His ideal was the Seminary, as the Seminary was his ideal.

For thirteen rich and beautiful days, from the time I came to Chicago until the hour of his death, I had the priceless privilege of being almost constantly with Professor Scott and of knowing how true this personal devotion to the Seminary was. We talked over all the affairs of the Seminary; but there were countless other themes that engaged us. His learning and his wit illuminated every subject; yet underneath it all I knew how there was one supreme interest and one great love.

When the news came that his mortal life had ceased, it seemed for the moment that there could be no such possible break in the work which he was doing. He *was* the Seminary. He seemed absolutely necessary to it. How could we go forward? Then came the truer judgment. Other men had labored and he as well as we had entered into their

labors. It was for us all to take up the unfinished work and go forward in the strength of the Lord God of Hosts. The most perfect memorial possible to him would be to build the ideal which he had represented into the greater Seminary through which the Kingdom of God could be served among us.

Gradually the great lesson of his life so far as it relates to the Seminary became clear. He belonged to that company out of whose love and labor the institution has been built up. His life points out the way in which the Seminary is to be developed. It is through the efficient agency of a similar love and devotion that the service of the institution is to be made complete. The words that were written on his heart must be written on the hearts of the men who are to follow him. The love and devotion which he had for the Seminary we must have. Whatever else may be important and whatever else may be worth striving after, this personal allegiance to the ideal and this unfaltering, whole-hearted devotion to the institution is to be made the key-note for the future of the Seminary.

The final estimate of the life and service of Professor Scott is made in the terms of love, devotion, sacrifice, ceaselessly and joyously given to the one great object upon which he had set his heart. When a Seminary is thus rooted in the very life of men like Hugh M. Scott, it has the greatest equipment that can be had. He endowed this Seminary with the very love of his life and left to it the spirit of self-sacrifice, which had been in it from the beginning, refined and intensified. This is the greatest gift which we receive from him, the very gift of himself.

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE SEMINARY.*

PROFESSOR TAYLOR.

Personality is the highway of the Lord, but has many byways. Often what seem to be the byways are really the highway, through which the truth and power and presence of God come through one of us to others of us. So it was with this simple, frank, out-spoken, open-hearted, manly man, Hugh McDonald Scott; scholar, professor, preacher, writer; but, most of all, friend to all of us, and, best of all, the servant of all. It was the human in him that best confessed and expressed the divinity of his Lord. In his ministry we saw and felt a man ministering; yet in thus living Christ lived in him, in thus laboring the grace of God energized in him mightily.

The multitudes who, far and wide, heard him preach knew something of him and of his Lord through him. His students knew far more of him through his companionable teaching. But neither hearers nor pupils really knew the man who only heard him speak or teach in public. The stern, uncompromising, almost imperious spirit with which he could and did defend the historic faith in open speech and written word was not the note to which the sweet song of his life kept keyed. However the eye might flash and the word take on sharp-edged emphasis in the defense of the heritage of the common faith, closer by, no scorching fire ever flamed out of the love-light of his mild blue eye, no cutting word fell from lips that ever trembled with tenderness, no sting was ever left in another heart over which the ripple of his ready wit broke into laughter and broadened into the lingering smile.

His love was greater even than his loyalty. If the rock-like character which he inherited from the Scotch granite in

* Delivered at the Funeral Service of Sunday, 2 May, 1909.

his ancestry seemed so massive, impenetrable and isolated as to be inapproachable to any, they must have been at a distance. For we who stood close by these sturdy, compact, substantial, enduring qualities found them full of crevices which reached down to the very heart within the rock foundation of his character. And all over the surface and down to the innermost heart grew the "flower in the crannied wall." As we stand now plucking one and another out of the crannies and holding it here "root and all" in our hand, each may truly say, as the poet-seer has taught us:

> "But if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

He had indeed, the root of the faith in him, but also the efflorescence of the very gospel of Galilee.

The beauty and the perfume of those flowers of faith bloomed and exhaled more in prayer than in any other public expression of his life. Who that ever heard him pray can ever lose from memory the music of that mellow tone and the indescribable mingling of endearment with pathos, as he gathered us to his own heart with the words, "Let us pray," and then folded us to the bosom of the Father as he said, "Our Father in Heaven." And we rose from that note so sweet and low, as his heart-depths surged upward and his spirit soared to the very throne, where his prayer almost always left us.

The story of the holy catholic church and of the men and women of the communion of saints was a part of him and he a part of it. He knew every step of the way the Lord had taken with his people and the way of the Spirit with the single soul. To him telling this story was not lecturing on history.

It was making life live again; eternal life in time, the life of God in the lives he knew and loved so well that he wanted every student to know and love them as well as he did himself.

Born, reared and educated a Presbyterian, across the border and in foreign lands, no man to the pilgrim manner born was more loyal than he to the Pilgrim fathers of the heritage of their type of faith and fellowship. And yet the whole church was ever dearer to his heart and higher in his scale of duty than any part could be. Upon every bit of common ground, where there is standing room for all of us, there in the midst of every rally stood this brother beloved by all. At the faculties union of all the seminaries and with all their students at their inter-seminary banquet, he was always found the cheeriest and helpfulest of all the goodly fellowship.

His hospitable heart helped extend the hospitalities of his home so warmly and widely that hundreds all over the world feel like members of his household. And when this very May day a year ago he and his commemorated the quarter-century of the founding of their home, it was under the roof and within the walls of the seminary which was graven on his very heart that he shared with us all the family festival.

What he was to us within the inner circle of the faculty fellowship we can no more express today than can they who loved him as husband and father. But there was still a more intimate fellowship. For time and again the whisper of the spirit had come to him, saying, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head today?" And he always said, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And so they two went on; President Fisk and he, Professor Curtiss and he, and "they two stood by the Jordan." But now the whisper came so suddenly to us, and we too stand with him by the Jordan, crying, "The chariots

of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." What is left us but to take his mantle and wrap it together and smite the waters to divide them hither and thither, so that we go over on dry ground, with a prayer for a double portion of his spirit and the cry of triumph, "Where is the Lord, the God of Elijah?"

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE STUDENTS*

The Reverend Elmer W. Galt, B. D.

We have come together here with our thoughts united around the sacred memory of our common friend. Our hearts are still sore from the piercing of sad news which struck into them like barbed arrows, not again to be withdrawn. To every one who knew our Professor Scott the news of his death meant a heart wound. To all who knew him he was a friend. To most of us he was in some particular way more than a friend. To some he was colleague in a common cause; to others he was counselor and wise helper; to others a Christian brother; to others a teacher of the truth; to others who are with us he was a loving father and husband in the home. To us who are students in the school which he so dearly loved he was efficient instructor; he was wise counselor; he was worthy example; he was a friend indeed. But we feel that he was more than these and that we cannot do less than ask of his household the privilege of sharing with them the term "father."

To anyone who passed about the hallways of Fisk Hall in the late evening of the day of Dr. Scott's death there could be no doubt of the sincerity of the grief felt by the students. In hushed tones the news was spread. Men gathered in groups in one another's rooms or in the halls and, with faces sad-

*Delivered at the Memorial Service of Wednesday, 12 May, 1909.

dened and voices softened, asked to know the truth that seemed so incredible, and sought words to feebly express the personal losses felt. Then one after another would slip quietly away to the solitude of his own room to ponder the deeper meanings of the event, so sudden and so momentous, and to seek comfort in committing the burden of sorrow to Him who understands the saddened heart and willingly shares its burdens. The shadows were not lessened on the day that followed and have lingered on during these days of the close of the year, as they will continue to linger in our memories until we too are called into the fellowship of those who have passed from life through death into newness of life.

When the committee from the student body met to frame resolutions to express the common feelings of their group, realizing that any verbal expression must come far short of voicing the full sentiments of aching hearts, they sought to honor the simple greatness of their beloved professor by a simple statement of their sense of great loss. The statement drawn up by them and adopted by the student body is as follows:

"RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE STUDENT BODY OF CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY APRIL THIRTIETH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE.

"Inasmuch as our Heavenly Father has received home unto Himself His faithful servant, our beloved Professor, Hugh McDonald Scott; and we have thus lost not only an instructor of rare ability, whose devoted and unselfish Christian life and wealth of scholarship have been our constant inspiration, but one who has been to us a sympathetic friend and loving father; we therefore wish to express our deep sense of

loss and our heartfelt sympathy for those to whom he was a husband and a father.

G. E. Wood
E. W. Galt } In behalf of the student body."
C. H. Veazie

Dr. Scott's relationship with his students were not those of a mere formal instructor. He gave of his inner spiritual resources to the men who gathered in his class room. History was to him something vastly more than a mere catalog of events. It was an immense storehouse of human experiences and interests. Rich with the heritage of endeavor and achievement, it was an exhaustless source of supply for the life lessons that he wanted to see regnant in the lives of his students. History was to Dr. Scott the x-ray with which our souls were to be penetrated with an illuminating and healing light. It was his dynamo for energizing the thought, motives and wills of his students. It was his more than well-stocked workshop from which he sought to fit out other men with tried tools for the building of other lives.

Under his varied treatment the past came before us throbbing with life and with human struggle and accomplishment. It became a corrective for one-sided views which we were so apt to get. How often, with a twinkle in his eye, would Professor Scott mention some pet theory that a modern theologian or psychologist was promulgating as news to the world, and then proceed to show that Augustine or Origen or some other church father had held essentially the very same view! We came to respect the past more and more under his teaching and to feel that the present with all its boasted progress gives no great cause for pride when laid alongside earlier periods with their achievements. Our immeasurable indebted-

ness to the ages past became a great incentive for contributing of our best to the present and the future.

Outside the classroom most of us came still closer to the great fatherly heart which was ever tender towards all our interests. Dr. Scott was never too busy, even when the weight of multiple official duties was heaviest, to confer with any student who wished to see him. The door of his office always stood ajar when he was within, typical of the hospitality of his heart. Students felt welcome there at any hour of the day. The problems of the students in churches where they labored were his problems and were often made easier of solution because of his timely suggestions. The successes of students were his joy. He was ever at the service of the men whom he could in any way help. I know of no student's field of labor within or near the city that has not felt the benediction of Dr. Scott's presence and inspiring words, just because his time and best endeavors were always at the disposal of his students as much as of any of the larger churches or interests. Nor was he any less mindful of the graduates in their varied fields throughout the whole world. He followed them with keenest interest and with most fervent prayers for their welfare and usefulness.

Dr. Scott's genial, generous and cordial nature, touching us every time we came into contact with him, always buoyed us up. Pessimism was shamed out of his presence. His depths of conviction and rich spiritual faith and experience helped to steady man after man who came up to a period of struggle and doubt in his efforts to analyze and understand the deeper things of religious life and experience. His devotional spirit, which led him every day to his chair on this platform at the chapel hour and made him here such a beloved leader of our devotions, and which remained with him in all the other work of each day, was the source of a deeper spiritualizing of our

lives. We were more reverent because he was never otherwise among us than reverent.

One of God's noble men has been taken home to Him and we cannot but sorrow. But each one of us can be a better man because his life breathed itself into ours. We sorrow not because of calamity to him; for we know that for him to live was Christ and to die was gain. But we sorrow because we sadly miss him and feel that we needed him longer. Shall we not gather up the rich heritage that has fallen to each of us from him and transform it into character and deed that God can use for the quickening of other lives even as Professor Scott's life has quickened ours.

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE FACULTY.*

PROFESSOR HARPER.

Hugh McDonald Scott was born in Guysborough, Nova Scotia, on the 31st day of March, 1848. His father was a Baptist of Royalist descent. His mother was a Presbyterian Highlander. The mother's influence seems to have predominated in the home and the boy was brought up a Scotch Presbyterian. In a series of articles on college life in Scotland twenty-five years ago Professor Scott told in his most happy style of his early home experience and of his school days. He says: "It appears only accidental that I was born in America; for the land of my imagination, the home of my yearnings, the place to which my fancy ever flew, was where Wallace and Bruce had fought for liberty and where the Covenanters had died for truth." He tells us of his grandmother who told him tales of Scotch adventure and of his grandfather McDonald, whose name he bore, who used to take down the old violin in

* Delivered at the Memorial Service of Wednesday, 12 May, 1909.

the evening, play Scotch songs and tell stories of the Highland fiddlers.

They had family worship in his home twice a day and usually closed the evening with Bible questions and stories, so that in the boy's mind Scotch stories and Bible stories were mixed together. The tribes of Israel and clans of Scotland were indistinguishable. The kingdoms of England and Scotland were like Israel and Judah. Wallace and Saul, David and Bruce, were rivals with one another in his boyish imagination. His clan was McDonald, and, Dr. Scott said, whenever he shut his eyes and let his mind wander back to boyhood, scenes arose like that of the race of the McDonalds and Campbells to win a certain island. Whoever should first place hand on the land would own it. In spite of utmost exertion, the McDonalds were being worsted and the race seemed lost, when a few yards from shore a McDonald drew in his oar, laid his left hand on the seat in front of him and cut it off with a blow of his knife. Then he hurled the severed hand over the winning boat to the land.

When the boy was sixteen years old, his father and mother died. The orphan lad was eager to study. In the following years he prepared for college, completed his course at Dalhousie College, Halifax, and then went to Edinburgh for theological study. At Edinburgh Dr. Scott studied Hebrew with A. B. Davidson, church history with Dr. Rainy and missions with Dr. Duff. Among his fellow students were Henry Drummond, John Watson and James Stalker. Drummond and Watson were in easy circumstances and little noted as students, though Watson even then was the story-teller in the circle. James Stalker was the student and honor man of his class. Dr. Scott described Drummond as "a tall youth, with no beard and a face pink and white like a girl; with a store of

personal magnetism which enabled him to hypnotize the boys." He says: "Stalker had a yellow, almost cadaverous face, with eyes looking out through a pair of large iron-bowed spectacles."

From 1870 to 1873, the years of Professor Scott's student life in Edinburgh, there were stirring times in the University. In 1872 Dean Stanley delivered his famous course of lectures, in which he told the Scotchmen that the new theology of love was the eleventh commandment which the Church of Scotland needed. Echoes of the new biblical criticism and theories of the Tübingen School were being heard in Scotland at that time, and one of the first tasks of young Scott in the Theological Club was to serve as critic for a paper on the mythical theory of Strauss. It was a new field for the boy from Nova Scotia. Professor Scott says his criticism was probably like that of the young lady in an art gallery, when asked her opinion of a painting of Titian. "Well, I suppose it might have been better if the artist had taken more time for it." But the air full of new German words, Zeitgeist, Kulturkampf and Wissenchaft, soon affected the boy and Hugh Scott felt in his soul that he too must study in Germany some day.

Immediately after taking his degree in 1873 he went to Berlin and studied for a year. Then he returned home, preached for four years while settling into manhood, then went back to Germany with mind ripe to secure the best in that center of the world's scholarship. He studied three years in Leipsic with Luthardt, Kahnis and Delitzsch. His plan was to take a position as professor of history in Montreal College; but just as he was finishing his studies in Leipsic, Professor Curtiss, who had gone to Europe in search of a professor of history for Chicago Theological Seminary, found him and brought him here.

I have dwelt thus long on the youth and student-life of our beloved Professor Scott, because it is a part of his history that even his colleagues in the faculty know little about; for he never spoke of himself or his student day triumphs. Moreover, without this viewpoint one cannot rightly estimate Dr. Scott's life. Think of the ambition and capacity for toil of the orphan youth in Nova Scotia, which never let him rest until he had attained the best which Scotland, the land of his boyhood dreams, could afford, and he was not satisfied until he knew Germany also—the four years' work necessary to provide him the means to take this course in Leipsic, the patience with which he studied until he made the German language like his mother-tongue. He was never content until he had the best training the world could afford him. To this energy and patient work as well as to natural ability he owed his wealth of information, his culture, his ready pen and his skill in putting things.

With such a preparation Dr. Scott came to Chicago Seminary. After he found his life-work, nothing turned him aside. He had tempting calls to the pastorate of churches at large increase of salary and to a professorship in another institution; but he seems never to have seriously considered giving up his work in the Seminary. He felt that God had placed him here and here he would work.

Dr. Scott contributed many articles to theological reviews. His special interest was in the ante-Nicene period of church history and in the recent theological movements in Germany, and many scholarly articles on subjects in these fields came from his pen. He contributed the articles on the Trinity and Pharisees to Hastings' Bible Dictionary. He edited Current Discussions in Theology for several years and contributed to it the articles on church history. In 1896 he delivered the

Stone lectures at Princeton. Re-written and enlarged, these lectures were published in a volume on "The Origin and Development of the Nicene Theology." His papers on general topics and his articles in connection with his seminary work are uncounted. When he wrote for the German Institute or for German papers, he often used the German language.

He was an indefatigable reader of German theological literature and drew most of his material for class work from German sources. He never lost touch with German university life. Four times during his professorship in Chicago he visited the Old World: first in 1883; then again in 1891, when he attended the Council in London and spent some time studying in Rome; in 1905 he spent seven months abroad visiting Palestine, Greece and Asia Minor; and one year ago he revisited Edinburgh, where he read a paper on "The Permanent Necessity of the Christian Sabbath" before the International Congregational Council.

But when Dr. Scott came to Chicago Seminary in 1881, he threw himself with all his culture and scholarship unreservedly into the practical work of building up the institution and helping the churches in the broad new West. It was no doubt a sacrifice of much which he had anticipated in his student days, but he cheerfully accepted what he believed to be the call of God and put his life into men rather than into books. He devoted himself to the duties of professor in this Seminary, duties which included visiting colleges, raising money, supporting and founding churches, as well as the direct work of his professorship in the study and class-room.

It has been said that Professor Scott belonged to the past generation of scholars and some may have thought him not abreast of the new theology. But it is instructive to go back thirty-five years when Dr. Scott was a student at Edinburgh. He was at that time, mind and soul, with Dean Stanley and A.

B. Davidson, who were the men of the new school in Scotland championing progress just as much as the most radical young disciples of Gunkel today.

Dr. Scott is the last of the first generation of teachers in this Seminary. On my entrance into the Seminary as a student in 1884, Professors Fisk, Boardman, Hyde, Curtiss, Scott and Willcox constituted its faculty. Professor Scott was the last of this group in active service. The mantle of these men has fallen upon new shoulders. It will be no easy task for the Seminary faculty to live up to the men who have preceded them. It is ours to maintain their standard of scholarship. It is ours to maintain their loyalty to truth. It is ours to maintain their devotion to the Seminary and serve it as loyally as they did. It is ours to maintain their spiritual life.

Back of all the scholarship and culture of Professor Scott there was the man himself with his love to God and his deep spiritual life. He was truly a good man. Let our memorial to him be deeds, not words. His spirit has joined those with whom he labored and together they hover over this Seminary. May they inspire us to nobler living and greater faithfulness to the Christ they served and whose image they bore.

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE INSTITUTES.

PROFESSOR JERNBERG.

The charter of our Seminary states that the object for which it was founded "shall be to furnish instruction and the means of education to young men preparing for the gospel ministry." Probably the thought never entered the minds of the founders that any other language than English should ever be used to furnish this instruction, or that the Seminary should contain within its walls four or five schools which would be demanded as the means of education for young men preparing for the gospel ministry.

That institution, however, in which the Spirit of God dwells is a living organism and as such will adapt itself to its environment and grow to meet the demands made upon it by changed conditions. Our Seminary has been instinct with life from the beginning. When, therefore, it found itself in the midst of a constituency largely permeated with people from North Europe who, like the early settlers on these western prairies, needed men to minister in the things of the gospel to them, the Seminary did the greatest, most significant thing in all its history by opening its doors to the young men of these foreign nationalities and adopting them as her sons with the same generosity and freedom with which she received the sons of her founders.

Such a step was by many considered too radical and predictions of difficulty and failure were heard from all sides. But God had raised up two men for such a time as this, men who by their early training and residence abroad had become more cosmopolitan in spirit than their brethren. To them was given to see the possibilities for the work of the kingdom which this new undertaking opened to the institution they loved so well and served so faithfully to the day of their deaths.

Side by side, Professor Samuel Ives Curtiss and Professor Hugh McDonald Scott labored for the interest of the foreign departments of the Seminary as long as they both lived. It is impossible to speak of one of them in this relation without mentioning the other. By their long residence in Germany they were naturally drawn toward the German people here. To them belongs the credit for having recognized the need of men to minister to these strangers and for having pointed out to our directors the opportunity so providentially open to the Seminary. The German department was, therefore, naturally most dear to them and through all

the preplexities of its early history it had their never failing sympathy and assistance. But when the time came for the opening of the Scandinavian departments, these also came to have a corresponding share of their interest and help.

Professor Scott was especially active with his pen to set forth by pamphlets and through the press the claims of this new enterprise upon our Congregational churches, a work which he continued unceasingly until the last. Himself a member of the advisory council of the Swedish Institute, he was in touch with every phase of the situation relating to the foreign work and was exceptionally well informed on every movement in that work among the churches and on the field as well as in the Seminary itself. The growth of the work was a constant satisfaction to him. Thus he wrote in a private letter only a few weeks before his death: "When we look back upon nearly four hundred German and Scandinavian churches that have been gathered almost entirely through the work of this institution, we certainly feel like thanking God and taking courage." Unwearied in his toil for this part of the Seminary as well as for the institution as a whole, it is pleasant to think of the joy that came to him in seeing the large results of his work for these foreign institutes during the quarter century of their operation. Whatever be the future of this work, Professor Scott has carved his name imperishably into its foundation.

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE ALUMNI*

The Reverend Benjamin Severance Winchester, B. D.

Every academic institution recognizes the importance of maintaining close relations with the body of its alumni. No asset is of more value than an enthusiastic and loyal company

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of graduates. Their testimony is convincing, because they can judge of the quality of teaching both from the standpoint of the student and also of one who has put to the test these early lessons in the practice of every day. It is the alumnus who is at once the fondest lover and the kindliest critic of his Alma Mater.

Loyalty to an institution begins, of course, in the experiences of student days. If one can look back upon his life in the Seminary as on the whole the happiest and most profitable period he has ever spent, if its fellowships are the most precious, its inspirations the richest, its instruction the most pertinent and practical, then he will always cherish these memories with peculiar gratitude and devotion. And I am sure that the alumni of Chicago Seminary can all bear testimony to experiences and feelings such as these.

But while loyalty has its roots in these experiences of student days, it cannot flourish and grow and bear its proper fruit without fostering care. Upon someone must devolve the duty of bringing to the men who have gone forth the continued inspiration of Seminary life; for this relation of loyalty is essentially a personal relation. We may say that we love institutions, but in saying this we are indulging in a convenient abstraction. What we mean is that we love the men we have known there, the traditions, the associations with certain definite personalities. And as the years go by and the duties of life multiply, these all recede into the background of consciousness and tend to become an ethereal memory, unless there be some one who will take it upon himself constantly to remind these former students that their Seminary still feels an interest in them and loves them.

It was this task which fell pre-eminently to Professor Scott. Not that he regarded it as a task; for he had a peculiar genius for this important service. He was fitted for it, first, by

his long connection with the Seminary. At the time of his death probably no one else was personally acquainted with so many members of the body of alumni as was he. It was no uncommon thing to hear him refer with apparent spontaneity to men who had gone out from the institution at various times and to fields more or less obscure and possibly in foreign lands; but his casual remark revealed the fact that Professor Scott was well acquainted with their difficulties, their struggles and their successes, and he was quick to recognize the quality of heroism however unobserved by the world at large. One wondered sometimes if he did not have at heart and in consciousness a sort of collection of these "living epistles" which he knew and read, a collection which must reach back over all the years of his presence in the Seminary. Since the death of President Fisk and of Professor Curtiss especially it was natural to think of him as the embodiment of its history and traditions. And on returning to the Seminary one knew that, whatever of change might otherwise have taken place, Professor Scott would be there, to him no introduction would be necessary, and with him it would be possible immediately to resume the conversation where it had been broken off years before.

In addition to his long period of service as professor, his office of secretary of the faculty naturally brought him into unusually close and intimate relations with the alumni. Many of us recall that our first letters of inquiry addressed to the Seminary before our entrance there were answered in Professor Scott's handwriting. It seems to us now as though it had been he of all others who piloted us through our course of study and saw us safely launched upon the sea of life. Whenever the anniversary announcements, the Seminary bulletins, or occasional statements of the needs of the institution came to us, we unconsciously associated with them the thought of his personality, and we knew that whenever he sent out a call

for more students or a request for a contribution he himself had been the first to set an example of generous devotion. On the other hand, if one of his old students was struggling with a debt-raising campaign upon his own field, or was building a church in a needy community, not infrequently was new courage and cheer bestowed through the kind and wise counsel of Professor Scott, quite likely emphasized by a substantial gift from his own pocket.

Those who have never been pastors of isolated fields in the distant West can hardly realize with what longing the eyes of the alumni turn back to the fellowship afforded by the Alumni Institute. One of the features of these gatherings was the wholesome advice and genial greeting of Professor Scott. Though often deterred by other duties from remaining through the entire session, it was rarely that he did not attend for at least a portion of the day and in some personal way reveal his interest in the returning company of his old students.

It is evident that something more than long residence and official position are necessary to account for the intimate relation between Professor Scott and the Alumni. The truth is, he was sincerely interested in the welfare and success of every student who had been at the Seminary. Many pastors and churches are alike grateful to him for having been instrumental in bringing them together. On the evening following his tragic death I was present at a gathering in a neighboring church to welcome a new pastor and his wife. One of the first men with whom I spoke said to me: "We all feel tonight a sense of personal loss; for when our church was without a pastor it was Professor Scott who suggested to us the name of the man we have called."

This is but one instance showing the kindly interest which

he always seemed to feel. He had a remarkable faculty for friendship. None but a great man with a simple heart could greet his returning students as did Professor Scott. It is a rare gift in a scholar and professor to be able to meet a former pupil and leave nothing of the impression of condescension, but as one returned to Chicago Seminary from his first years in the pastorate he found that while he had lost nothing of reverence for the teacher and scholar in Professor Scott, he had gained a comrade and a friend.

Those of us who have been pastors of churches in or near Chicago realize how great is this privilege of continued friendship with those who have been our teachers in the Seminary. At our various gatherings we learned to prize the faithful co-operation of Professor Scott. His easy manner of speech, his rich vein of humor, enlivened many a program and relieved the tension of too serious debate. Yet the final impression was that of wise counsel, profound earnestness and a noble courage.

The loss which will seem to the alumni to be greatest is the loss of a personal friend who during all the years has stood between the Seminary and our world, connecting the present with the past, interpreting the work of the scholar to the life of the minister. He has seemed always near to us, ready with an appropriate word of suggestion or advice, his great heart opening in sympathy and love to every man in his loneliness and perplexity. It is this personal bond between the Seminary and its alumni which was created through the personality of Professor Scott, and who shall say that there is any greater service which could be rendered by any man either to the institution or its graduates.

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE CHURCHES*

The Reverend Edwin A. Adams, D. D.

The experience which took possession of my soul on that Friday morning when my eye caught sight of the headlines in the paper announcing the tragedy of the previous evening and which experience has remained with me ever since, will not soon be forgotten. Nor have I yet ceased to ask myself the question, why it was that this taking off of Professor Scott meant so much to me. For I could not say that I was *intimately* acquainted with him. I could not indeed doubt my right to call him my friend; but I had never come into such close relations with him as with some of my other friends. Yet I doubt whether the removal of any other would have shocked me more, or would have caused a keener sense of personal loss, than did the knowledge that Professor Scott was no more with us in the flesh.

And unless I wholly misunderstand the things that I see and hear, my experience is not an exceptional one. The churches of Chicago and vicinity, the churches of this great Northwest so closely in touch with our Seminary, yes, and the churches in all this land and in foreign mission lands as well, which have felt the pulsations of Professor Scott's large and consecrated life through his students who have gone forth into all the world, are saying today, or will be saying when the sad truth becomes known: "What shall we do without him? Who is going to be to us what Professor Scott has been during all these years?"

When I came to Chicago almost twenty-five years ago with letters of introduction to Dr. Simeon Gilbert and Professor Curtiss, Professor Scott, of whom I had known very little before, was one of the very first to bid me a hearty welcome,

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*Delivered at the Memorial Service of Wednesday, 12 May, 1909.

and from that day to the close of my work at Bethlehem church, I never met him, even in the most casual way, without his manifesting in some characteristic manner his interest in the work which I was doing and his intense desire to have it prosper. The side of Professor Scott's relation to the churches with which I was most familiar, was the side of his deep and abiding interest in the foreign work. If Professor Curtiss was the leader in this department of our Congregational work, Professor Scott never failed to give him the most whole-souled and substantial support. But his heart was large enough to devote his whole energy to that work and yet to take the deepest interest in all the churches and in the peculiar work which each one had to do. But he seemed to me to bear especially upon his heart the needs of those who were most needy and to plan constantly for their welfare.

If now I am asked to speak of those qualities of Professor Scott's character which, in my judgment, most *endeared* him to the churches, leaving others to recount his great work *for* the churches, I should place in the front rank the fact that he had sympathy with *people*, and I use the word sympathy in its primary sense, he felt with people. He was, in the largest and best sense of the word *human*. If any one could use the language of the old poet and say "I am human and whatever is human has an interest for me," I am sure it would express that which we all regard as characteristic of Professor Scott.

Those who heard him preach, and I have never met one who did not love to hear him, those who heard him preach, no matter who they were nor what their social rank, felt that he was one with them. His wide learning, his intimate knowledge of the best thought of the world seemed to be a means of easy approach to the humblest individual rather than, as is often the case, a hindrance to such approach. He could adapt himself to a Bohemian congregation without the least appear-

ance of patronizing and he was easily a leader in the most cultivated social intercourse. His unswerving loyalty to the truth as he saw the truth, his absolute fearlessness in defending the truth gained for him the respect and esteem of the churches, as a matter of course. But it was this humanness of his character that gave him entrance to their hearts, that made young and old glad to be in his presence and listen to his words. And it is this quality which, consciously or unconsciously, is causing many to say today: "How we shall miss him."

Another quality, equally influential, which will be more and more realized as the days go by, was his unconquerable *optimism*. For Professor Scott every cloud seemed to have a silver lining, and the silver lining was so much in evidence that the cloud seemed to be altogether forgotten. Whether his task was to tide the seminary over some crisis at a time when the stoutest hearts seemed to fail, or whether he was confronted with the alleged fact that the churches were losing their influence and the ministry its power, while he saw the difficulties, his note was always an optimistic one. Those who knew him best and were nearest to him may have seen him when he seemed discouraged; I never did.

The manifest and immediate effect of every one of his addresses, whether impromptu or carefully prepared was to give his hearers courage, and inspire in them the belief that the thing he sought for could be realized. This was no optimism simply for effect or in order to accomplish a purpose, it was, we all felt, the bubbling up of that which was his deepest life and his firmest belief. And now when new crises come as they surely will, when new complaints are made about the churches and their ministers, when the powers of evil shall take on new and perhaps more dangerous forms than ever before, the churches will be weaker to oppose these evils because Professor Scott, with his strong reasons to convince

and his dry humor to lift the clouds, has fallen by the way and is to be seen and heard no more.

But you would not pardon me if I were to stop just here. There was a reason why Professor Scott was intensely human, there was a reason why he could see brightness where others saw only clouds and darkness. I need not tell you who have sat in council with him, I need not tell you who have sat under his teaching, I need not tell you who have heard him preach and have been under the spell of his marvelous prayers, I need tell none of you what that reason was.

Professor Scott lived in vital touch with things eternal. It was of souls like his that the poet sung:

> "Late saints and ancient seers
> Were what they were because they mused
> Upon the eternal years.
>
> "He practises all virtue well
> Who his own cross reveres,
> And lives in the familiar thought
> Of the Eternal years."

The horizon of his vision was not limited by what the natural eye sees, nor were the voices to which he listened voices of this earthly sphere alone. To him, with Paul, it was ever true that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

And it was these eternal things made real in his constant experience which enabled him to find one who could be a friend to him and to whom he could also be a friend under whatever outward form and in whatever outward surroundings. To him the words of the old prophet were fulfilled: "He that trusteth in Jehovah shall not be ashamed." And so he knew that behind all darkness is eternal light, underneath all weakness are the everlasting arms. He knew God and drank

in constantly the spirit of Jesus Christ and was growing constantly into the likeness of Him who loved him and gave himself for him. Professor Scott's Bible was indeed a wonderful book. It lived for him and he made it live for all who heard him expound it. And who that ever heard him pray can doubt for a moment that God to him was real and that in the arms of his faith there was room for every sorrowing, sinning and suffering soul in whatever land and with whatever limitations.

Those who knew him best loved him most, of course, those who were nearest to him feel his loss most deeply, but the great brotherhood of the Congregational churches knows today and will know better as the days go by, that a great man has fallen in Israel.

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE FIRST CHURCH.*

The Reverend William A. Bartlett, D. D.

There was a time in the closing hours of our Lord's earthly life when He cried out: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Is it strange that there should be times in our human experiences when we can but moan: "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." We cannot adjust ourselves, however great our faith, to these terrific blows until the stunned mind and the broken heart have had time, after being closeted beneath God's shadow, to recover strength. One sentence from the psalmist has been running in my mind since Thursday night: "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it." A strong man said to me Friday morning: "Throw yourself on God; that is what I had to do." And that is all we can do when one we dearly love seems to our poor sight to be taken so ruthlessly, so needlessly, from

* Delivered at the Funeral Service of Sunday, 2 May, 1909.

our side. Our hand had but just touched him and he was gone. "And he cried, My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof! And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes and rent them in two pieces."

"Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved."

It seems but a little while ago that Professor Scott stood where I am now standing and read with breaking voice a tribute to his seminary colleague suddenly removed. It seemed to him that this life could not be spared, just as it seems to us that Hugh McDonald Scott cannot have left us to do our work without him. But it was not his plan: it was God's. His plan was to meet in the morning, and God has removed that morning to the day of cloudless light.

This man of ours was one from the schools and universities, a man with his degrees and his honors; but we have discovered anew, what we had known before, that he was a man of the people. He was Mr. Greatheart, and his academic mind only furnished him a larger knowledge on which to act for the good of all and to give a basis of intelligence for his sympathies.

It was not intended that this service should be in any sense one of attempted summing up of this strong, true life. It is the family at prayer; his family and that larger family of Christian brotherhood. Today we weep with those who weep. God gives us the luxury of tears. What more beautiful tribute can a mortal man have than what has been said through these days and what will continue to be said and felt in days to come. Men opened their morning papers and then burst

into tears. The young clerk in the flower store says: "I never met him, but I feel a personal loss." The woman of many cares, whose name he might not know, said: "I have been cast down all day." The president of a literary society and astute lawyer exclaims: "I have been on the verge of tears every moment." The faculties of our sister seminaries send word of their love, their resolutions and their desire to be present. Churches telephone that he was particularly dear to them, in which they express the sentiments of many who claim the same distinction. "I don't know when anything has come home so close to me," says a faithful caretaker of a church. "I shook hands with him last Sunday," proudly says a member of the boy choir. So we all feel that we have a special claim on him. His bright word, quick as a flash and full of wit; his indomitable energy so quietly put forth; his instant decision which clears the air; all these things are our common possession, yea, and they cannot be taken away from us.

How plain I can hear that voice as I have heard it both here and in Edinburgh last summer. "Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah," as he greeted his friends with affectionate fellowship. Yet he had all the dignity of an uncrowned king. There was not the suggestion of littleness about him. He always looked past the petty annoyance to the greater question. His mind never dwelt on obstacles, so clear to his vision were the possibilities. Sometimes, in the heat of sudden grief, we may say more about our friends than quiet afterthought might warrant. We are blind to their faults because of loving loyalty to their virtues. Hugh McDonald Scott must have had his faults, but I cannot name them. I doubt if there is a man or woman present who can, if challenged today, tell of a weakness in this man. What we say now will seem inadequate to a more thoughtful day.

In these days of groping, of questioning and almost of rebellion that this church, my church, should have lost such a helper in the times when helpers grow less and opportunities grow greater, it has been all the more possible to share the grief of this wife and family. Our very demand to have such share of him as will make him ours brings us together in this affliction. There is a kind of beauty in the very selfishness of our sorrow. I speak for all when I speak for myself. How many times have I seen him in tears, particularly when we were receiving members into the church. Hastily he wiped his eyes and with that characteristic motion of the hand sought to remove traces of emotion. He was as tender hearted as a little child, yet he never spoke of his feelings. When he arose in prayermeeting, kindness, good sense, humor and loyalty to Christ were so blended that the face of every child was instantly turned to him, as a flower to the light.

He never had a stated prayer, nor a set speech. He was growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that each day was a new unfolding of life's opportunities and blessed meanings. The task he undertook and completed of raising the money in preparation for his new president he made a joyous experience. To many the attempt to get money from men leaves them pessimistic: to this man it revealed the best there was in human nature. One of his last spoken words was to tell how men greeted him. He said there were a few that sparred, but one man with whom he is today, said: "How glad I am you came before I went away." We had not thought of him so much as a money-raiser as a money-giver. But when he felt he must do it, it was done in exhilaration and joy. He was always giving. He was just as anxious to give the last amount to make up the deficit in the city missionary society as to do it for his seminary.

One of the most thrilling appeals I ever heard was from

him on the sacrificial life. Every word of that outcry for deeper consecration he made true in his own devotion to his Lord. He never knew what it was to know a slight or to recognize a neglect of himself. His was the spirit of Jesus who went about doing good.

It seems to me that Professor Scott was one of those rare men, who, all unconscious to himself, God sends into the world to show forth the genuineness and loveliness of a Christian life. No such life ever blossoms aside from Christ's nurture. There may be sweet, good natured lives in the narrow circle of the few; but this life entered into that of every other man. It was full of force, but quietness. It was profound, in its simplicity. He could confound the doctors in the temple, but make himself as plain as sunshine to a child. The greatness of this man did not consist in oblivious absorption in himself or themes, but in the smile of recognition and fine word of greeting for those who served him in the humblest capacity.

If I say these things it is because I must say them. I must say them for you and for us all. What would we do if we could not speak of those we love and sing their praises and kneel down in utter longing to pour out our hearts in thanksgiving and in grief.

There are but two thoughts in my heart today about this man. The first is for himself. Ruthless and terrible as was his going, the injury to his body was not so much as in a lingering illness. It came as near a translation from earth to heaven as could be. It was "Good night," and then again "Good morning."

It is not for us to explain and interpret. It takes God with his day of one thousand years to do that. But I have thought what a climax it is. Last year he visited Europe under such happy circumstances. Although ill for a time, he came back to strength. He visited his old university town. He read a

noble paper and spoke again and again in those great meetings in Edinburgh. There he met the members of this church and the members of that wider brotherhood from every land.

He returned with renewed vigor. The man was found for his seminary, a man after his own heart. With elastic step and buoyant spirit he went about his work which brought him into sweet relations with the churches, as they helped him and responded to his always gracious appeals. Committees came together gladly. Raising money became a Christian pastime under the inspiration of his presence. He met every man on his own ground and lifted that man into a higher plane. The word discouragement was not in his mouth. Others pointed out lions in the way, but he knew they were chained. The work was completed and he showed in his face the gladness that was in his heart. The last week of his life he began making definite plans for four or five other great enterprises in this work of the kingdom. They had actually started under his directing hand. He had lived to see his children grown and in various forms of fine usefulness. These sons could and did come about the mother in the midst of their young strength and this daughter in the grace of her life.

Tell me, at what time could God do him greater honor than by calling him now at the very moment when we see him at the zenith of his powers. Our very sense of loss is his fairest monument. This gathering today of those out of every walk of life is historic. Nothing can summon so many of the best men, women, youth and childhood of the city save to do honor to a beautiful Christian life. Only one or two are speaking, but hundreds are loving, suffering and aspiring to higher things.

And my other thought is this, that we have had a call from God. This church, this denomination, this seminary,—I will not limit it,—each one here and now has had a call not only to

close up the ranks but to press on toward the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. We have been half asleep. We have been indifferent to God's kingdom. We have been unwilling to give the full price of a dedicated life. We have been willing that this man should perfect himself as a Christian hero, giver, worker and patient explorer, while we played by the wayside. No man can escape the meaning of this call. Every one of us has felt it before he came to this place today. It is a call for each and all of us to be,—not like Hugh Scott,—he would say "God forbid" to that, but to be like Jesus Christ, whom he loved, whom he served. This death may be the great price of a great revival of Christian life and experience throughout all these churches and the seminary which he dearly loved.

All this past week has been significant with beautiful last things, and how we would have clung to him and listened to him, had we known it would be his last. Sunday morning he listened in this his own church to a sermon by his president on the union of the soul with Christ. At the close he stood in front to introduce the throngs of people who came forward to greet the head of the seminary. In the evening he sat among the children and the stranger to see and hear the story of Pilgrim's Progress. And the last scene was of Pilgrim going through the waters toward the heavenly city. All through the week he had devoted himself to committees and projects for the kingdom, and one of his last words was: "Well, we have really gotten that launched," as he spoke of a woman's training school.

On his desk, as the last literary work in which he was engaged, is a draught of a next year's Sunday School lesson on the thirteenth of first Corinthians, which he has headed, "The greatest thing in the world—Love." He calls it, "A life problem." At the close of one paragraph he writes:

"Love is of supreme importance, because it sums up the motives which govern right actions. Motives decide the value of deeds. 'Be in your heart,' said Socrates, 'what you wish men to think you are.' Through personal trust in Christ we have that faith that worketh by love and purifieth the heart."

Is there not a beautiful completeness to this grand life, and must we not say, as Professor Scott was wont to say when death claimed those he knew: "His work was done; it must have been done, or God would not have called him." And is not life worth living and living well, when one in faithful humble service of his Master can go home in such a blaze of glory; the glory of love, of high esteem, of great respect, the glory which sends messages and telegrams and letters of beautiful sympathy, that summons here the man almost one hundred years of age and the child who hardly understands except that his friend has gone. The wealth of the world cannot bring this glory and this honor, for it belongs to heaven and came from God. And today our brother is with those who have brought the "glory and the honor of the nations into it; and there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie; but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

PROFESSOR SCOTT AND THE COLLEGES.*

President Edward D. Eaton, D. D., LL. D.

Of those who have nurtured the bonds of fellowship between the colleges and the Seminary, which should always be kept strong, none have been more conspicuously helpful and welcome than Professor Scott. I have asked myself, what are some of the qualities which have endeared him to college men,

* Delivered at the Memorial Service of Wednesday, 12 May, 1909.

whether faculty or students? One of these traits, no doubt, was his broad and rich scholarship. Every seminary professor must be a man of varied learning; but the historian has a field which is of special enrichment to his own mind and of opulent fulness as a storehouse of knowledge. All the past is under tribute to him, and there is a philosophy of life developed by his close thinking on the great historical movements which have characterized the church and on the mighty currents which have swept their way through human life.

Professor Scott to a marked degree had this enrichment of thought, this treasury of knowledge, which the historical field yields; and this made him an especially attractive friend to college men. Years ago, before I lived in Beloit, I heard Professor Scott at a college commencement there give an address in which he spoke at length of the life of the medieval university student. The wealth of knowledge with which he depicted their life, in many ways so unlike the present, was not more striking than the vital sympathy running through his narration. His own interest was so vivid that it put us in sympathetic relation ourselves with that quaint medieval student existence.

Professior Scott came in touch with student thinking at many points. There are some men whose minds seem the end of a deep gorge or mine, dark, profound, suggesting depths that will repay our search. Others are like a rushing torrent, swift, irresistible, on which thought is swept forward to great distances. Professor Scott's mind seemed more like a rich and varied landscape with abundant meads and woodlands, with tranquil streams flowing here and there reflecting the sun, in the distance mountains rising white and strong and over all the fathomless sky.

College students liked Professor Scott because of his humor.

Few men that we have known were so abundantly gifted with the faculty of seeing life from unexpected angles. I suppose the essence of humor is in the power of viewing life in unusual aspects, involving a more abundant conception of life itself; and this faculty was Professor Scott's. He could not help lighting up life. Joyous in his own home, glad of others' pleasure, he loved to make those about him laugh in sheer exuberance of thought and feeling.

But students loved him also for his earnestness. Professor Scott always had a sense of the mystery and majesty of existence. In the words of the German poet might well be expressed his attitude toward all events of life, even those usually regarded as trivial and insignificant:

"Solemn before us,
Veiled the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent."

The college boy loved Professor Scott because his life was a life of such simple, complete, manly service; because they felt that he lived for love of serving, nothing being for him too simple to be done with thoroughness and ardor, if it might help any human soul. I have thought that the words of our own Quaker poet expressed pretty exactly the impression that we have of Professor Scott, believing that the poet's prayer was indeed his own:

"And when the path of duty is made plain,
May strength be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread;

But cheerful, in the light about me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were mine own,
Yet trusting not in mine but in His will alone."

I recall many years ago walking in those German footways that Professor Scott loved so well in his early days with a young German pastor, who at the crossing of the paths said: "Hier scheiden unsere Wege." And so, as we think of Professor Scott, strong, tender, busy, self-forgetful, heroic, we say with deep sorrow: "Here part our ways asunder." Yes, to outward sight they do; yet who knows how near those ways may still lie in the mysterious universe of God? Surely we know that the footsteps of his life are still in ours, and may still feel ourselves companioned by his sympathy and his hope and almost hear a benediction breathed upon us from those true and loving lips.

MEMORIALS TO PROFESSOR SCOTT.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

It is fitting that we devote this prayer service to the memory of our brother, Hugh McDonald Scott; for he loved the prayer meeting. He was always present, unless compelled by duty to go elsewhere, and then it was usually to conduct a gathering for prayer in some neighboring church.

To the Congregational denomination at large Dr. Scott was the brilliant professor of ecclesiastical history in Chicago Theological Seminary, a writer of note and a leader in the councils of the church. To alumni of the Seminary he was the beloved teacher to whom they owed much mental furnishing and inspiration for their ministry. But to us he was a Christian brother and the fellowship we held with him was

second only to that in a Christian family. For the church is the larger family of God's children, and in the prayer meeting the fellowship is most fully expressed.

This memorial is fitting also; for it is in the Christian fellowship that we live the eternal life. The early Christians knew what eternal life meant; for some of them had heard the words on the lips of the Saviour. They were near to the glory of the resurrection and had ever before them the joy of witnessing their love for Christ by a martyr's death. They said of their friends who had died that they were fallen asleep, or departed to be with Jesus. Dr. Scott lived the eternal life and for him death was only an incident in life. So brief and sudden it was that active living could hardly have been interrupted. It was "good night" on earth and "good morning" in heaven.

It is ours to bring to our beloved one a tribute of beautiful memories and then to consecrate ourselves to better and more worthy living because of what we owe to him. We loved Hugh McDonald Scott and felt that he loved us. He had deep and earnest convictions. The Scotch temper of mind that came to him with the blood which flowed in his veins allowed no weakness where truth was involved. He stood for the faith of the church and knew how to argue for it also. His special study was history and we often wondered at the wealth of his information. This gave him a broad view and a large grasp on truth, which steadied him, so that he was never swept off his feet by gusts of new doctrine. His moorings were deep down in knowledge and faith and he was a good man to tie to.

But perhaps the most striking trait in the character of Dr. Scott and one which we shall all remember was his genial sense of humor. One has said that humor is only another name for common sense. It spread over everything

he said or did. It made everybody love to hear him talk, for he always struck the keynote of the subject and never failed of an apt illustration. It made us love him; for under the genial exterior was a deep spiritual life. He lived close to God. He loved devotional books, and his religious life was rich and large. Earnest conviction, genial common sense and spiritual power were central characteristics of our beloved brother.

He was devoted to the First Church. Always ready to give his money and his time to her interests, he never refused to do anything in his power which was asked of him, no matter what the task. He was truly a Christian servant and spent himself freely for others. By this means he became a leader. He was a living illustration of Christ's words: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

And Professor Scott knew how to do things. Another of his striking qualities was resourcefulness. He was equal to any occasion. When called on suddenly to fill a gap he seemed often to surpass himself. There was such a fund of reserve power behind all his actions. A kindly persuasiveness pervaded all he said. He was by nature a peacemaker and he accomplished it by reasonableness, never by the sacrifice of a principle.

Words are poor tributes to give in exchange for a life. Our real tribute will be the way we shoulder the burdens he has laid down and push forward the work of the church he loved.

This tribute to the memory of our beloved brother is made in behalf of the Church by the Committee of the Prudential Committee.

C. H. Case,
C. W. Story,
E. T. Harper, Chairman.

THE BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

In the loss of Professor Scott from our fellowship and work his colleagues suffered a bereavement, deeply personal to each one of them, and a breach in the life of the work of the Seminary that is irreparable. For he filled a place that he made all his own, and his life is a once-spoken word.

When he came to the Seminary twenty-seven years ago, he added much to the breadth of learning, world-wide interests and the standard of scholarship, which had been accentuated by the coming of Professor Samuel Ives Curtiss, who sought and found in the young Canadian scholar the most intimate friend and colleague of his life. Together they worked in harmony with the surviving members of the Seminary's first faculty, yet adding to it men of their own type; raising the standards, yet keeping the Seminary increasingly in touch with the churches and their missionary movements at home and abroad. Scarcely more to the one than to the other are due the growth of the institution, the initiation and the development of the foreign institutes, the increase and endowment and the addition of building and library equipment. Professor and Mrs. Scott have not only always had a personal care for the life lived at the Seminary, but they watched for opportunities to make its physical and social conditions more attractive and home-like. It is recognized by all who know the facts that the emergency fund of forty thousand dollars, raised by the almost unaided effort of Professor Scott, was given as a personal tribute to the donors' esteem of him and of his services to the institution. If his departure from our midst was to be so sudden, it is fitting that it should be while in pursuit of the Seminary advancement in the establishment of a training school for women.

From his office near the entrance of Fisk Hall he was the

first to greet the new student and the last to give God speed to the departing graduate. His pen was the shuttle, which, more than any other, wove the alumni together and to their Alma Mater, as he wrote letters of cheer and condolence, of counsel and sympathy to help them meet the vicissitudes of their work and home-life in foreign and native lands. In the board of instruction he tried to call out the best in each man and make the most of each one's work, as well as to interest every other man in it. And he had scarcely more interest in the work of his fellow teachers than in that of the churches which they and their students represent.

Within the inner circle of the faculty fellowship he turned his heart inside out. We saw his innermost soul and never had to look twice to see to the bottom of it. Loyalty to the truth lay deep within, but the love of Christ and the brotherhood underlay and permeated it. The greatest of all things in him was love, and it so mellowed his spirit as to turn what otherwise might have been the sharp edges of his loyalties from all divisiveness into the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace. We never knew his faith to be daunted, his hope to be dimmed, his courage to falter, or his love to fail. The Seminary was graven as deeply on his heart as on that of Dr. Fisk, to whom he was what Timothy was to Paul.

Nowhere as in his prayers at the opening of faculty meeting and at the noon-day chapel service did his heart so well up into words, his spirit so surge into speech. There, where he took us with him into the heavenly Father's presence, we knew him to be the man of God, the child-like disciple of Christ, the brother beloved and the lover of his fellowmen.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

At the annual meeting of the board of directors of the Chicago Theological Seminary held on May 12th, 1909, the following minute concerning Professor Scott was adopted unanimously and ordered spread upon the records:

The members of the board of directors of the Chicago Theological Seminary desire to give expression to their sense of personal bereavement in the tragic death of Professor Hugh McDonald Scott on April 29, 1909. In doing so they would bear grateful testimony to his high character and broad scholarship, his constant devotion to the interests of the Seminary through all the years of his connection with it and particularly his personal sacrifice and heroism in the recent effort to secure a special fund for the Seminary, to whom, perhaps more than to any other, was due its successful completion.

We would also express our deep and sincere sympathy to the family of Professor Scott, upon whom this great sorrow so suddenly has fallen, the faculty of the Seminary and especially to President Davis, who in the beginning of his work among us, is thus bereft of this most experienced and devoted associate.

In this hour of our common need we can only commend to the care of our all-wise heavenly Father these interests of home and church and Seminary, which were so dear to our beloved friend and which he served so efficiently and loyally.

JNO. R. MONTGOMERY.
Secretary.

THE ALUMNI.

The Alumni of Chicago Theological Seminary, in annual session assembled, desire to place on record an expression of their sense of deep loss in the recent tragic death of Professor

Hugh McDonald Scott, for more than a quarter of a century one of the most highly esteemed and beloved members of our Seminary faculty.

His wresting from us has filled our hearts with a feeling of profound sadness. To those of us who enjoyed the rare privilege of sitting under his instruction and of enjoying the fellowship of his splendid personality there come no words adequate in which to declare the greatness of our loss or justly to honor his memory. Professor Scott was a man of the broadest and deepest scholarship, of the noblest faith and of firm convictions. He stood steadfast for the faith once delivered unto the saints. He rang true as a friend, as a scholar and as a Christian. He was characterized by the spirit of tolerance and by the breadth of sympathy which enabled him to recognize the good and the true and the beautiful wherever they were to be found. On the surface of his nature like the ripples that dance and glimmer in the sunshine there was the perpetual play of a delightful humor.

Be it, therefore, resolved by the alumni of Chicago Theological Seminary that in the death of Professor Scott our own hearts and the Seminary have suffered a bereavement to which we shall often have occasion to testify in the coming years; that to the stricken and sorely bereft wife and family we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, assuring them of our fervent remembrance of them at the throne of grace.

Resolution adopted by vote of the Alumni Association of Chicago Theological Seminary, in annual meeting assembled, Wednesday, May 12, 1909.

O. C. Grauer,
Secretary.

McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Our Faculty were greatly shocked by the news which reached us in the midst of our graduating exercises of the death of Professor H. M. Scott, D. D., L.L. D. De were greatly moved by this loss, as we count Dr. Scott among those whose life touched ours very closely. Our personal relations with him have always been very intimate. His judgment we have recognized as ripe and sound and his words we have always listened to with admiration, respect and approval. Your loss we feel as our own and we shall miss more profoundly than we can easily express the cheerful strong spirit which we have learned to honor.

We have always appreciated his interest in every part of the large and varied field of theology and his readiness to enter into fraternal relations with fellow workers of different names and diverse points of view. We have been inspired by his devotion to sound scholarship and his no less pronounced sense of spiritual realities, through which he strove to bring all that is most valuable in our common purposes and labors to its fullest, richest fruition.

His removal from our midst just at this time is from a human point of view nothing less than a public calamity. But next to the bereaved family the blow falls most heavily upon Chicago Theological Seminary. Our sympathy for you is profound and heartfelt. We commend you to the Great Head of the church and the Saviour of us all for that help and comfort which we all so much need. Our prayer in behalf of the stricken household is that the comfort of the faith in which Dr. Scott lived and died and the blessing of the Lord whom he delighted to serve may be abundantly ministered to them.

For the Faculty of McCormick Theological Seminary:

ANDREW C. ZENOS,
AUGUSTUS T. CARRIER,
Committee.

GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

The Faculty of Garrett Biblical Institute record with profound sorrow the untimely death of the Reverend Hugh McDonald Scott, professor of historical theology in the Chicago Theological Seminary. The affliction is the more deep and sad because of its coming so suddenly. To us his departure seems an irreparable loss. Few men ever come to the work of theological instruction in the schools of the church with a preparation so thorough and complete. Rare were his personal gifts; his attainments in knowledge and proficiency in his work were commanding; his familiarity with the literature of theology in his own chosen field was remarkable; his genial humor and ability as a teacher have long been the admiration of his colleagues and his pupils. Great is our common sorrow that we shall behold his face no more. His services had already been long and most honorable, yet we had reasonable expectation that for many years to come he would put forth the ripest and richest fruitage of his life. We assure the faculty, the trustees, the students and patrons of the Chicago Theological Seminary of our cordial sympathy and feeling of participation in this bitter bereavement and we implore the gracious blessing of our heavenly Father upon them in their time of severe trial.

MILTON S. TERRY.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO DIVINITY SCHOOL.

The faculty and conference of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago desire to express to their colleagues on the faculty of the Chicago Theological Seminary their profound sympathy in the loss sustained by the tragic death of Professor H. M. Scott.

In the fellowship which has existed between the two schools, Professor Scott has always been one of the moving

spirits. His unfailing geniality, his deep interest in the progress of the kingdom of God under every church name, his wide reading and scholarship, his spirit of Christian tolerance, and above all his profound and simple piety, have made him in the field of theological education a leader whose virile and consecrated influence will be sadly missed in the many realms of Christian activity with which he had identified himself.

In this moment of bereavement, we desire to extend to you, his colleagues, and through you to Professor Scott's family our deepest sympathy.

On behalf of the faculty and conference of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, Saturday morning, May 1, 1909.

ALONZO KETCHAM PARKER,
University Recorder.

THE MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

The Moody Bible Institute would convey to you and the faculty of which you are head their deep regret at the untimely death of Professor H. M. Scott and their intense grief at the cause of it. Professor Scott frequently served us as a special lecturer on his chosen themes, and always with affectionate acceptance. We admired him for his Christian character as well as scholarly ability and his evangelical and evangelistic ideals. We sympathize with the Chicago Theological Seminary in the great loss it has sustained in his death, but congratulate it upon the memory of his long and fruitful connection with it.

At the first meeting of our staff since his decease, which was held today, I was requested to send this communication to you and a similar one to Mrs. Scott.

JAMES M. GRAY,

OTHER MEMORIALS.

In addition to the memorials published in this number of the Register, others have been received from the following institutions or organizations, besides hundreds of letters and telegrams, many of which quote 1 Samuel, 3:38: *There is a great man fallen this day in Israel.*

Alumni at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
American International College.
Apollos Club of Chicago.
Bangor Theological Seminary.
Bible League of North America, Chicago Branch.
Chicago Association of Congregational Churches.
Chicago Congregational Club.
Chicago Hebrew Union, Board of Trustees.
Congregational Ministers' Association of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Congregational Ministers' Union of Chicago and Vicinity.
Evanston Avenue Congregational Church of Chicago.
First Congregational Church of Austin, Chicago.
First Congregational Church of Elburn, Illinois.
First Congregational Church of St. Louis, Missouri.
German Congregational Churches of Muscatine, Iowa.
German Congregational Ministers of Chicago and Vicinity.
Hartford Theological Seminary.
Kenwood Evangelical Church of Chicago.
Men's League of the First Congregational Church of Chicago.
New England Alumnal Association.
Oberlin Theological Seminary.
Presbytery of Chicago.
St. Louis Association of Congregational Clergymen.
Yale Divinity School.

INVOCATION.*

THE REVEREND GEORGE S. F. SAVAGE, D. D.

Let us pray.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, from whom are the issues of life and of death, it is in thy providence that we are gathered together in this sanctuary under the shadow of a great and sorrowful affliction. Thou hast come very near to us. Thou hast taken from our midst the beloved husband and father and friend, filling all our hearts with great sorrow. Thy judgments, O Lord, are exceeding great! We cannot fathom them; we can only bow with humble submission to thy will, rejoicing that Thou art upon the throne and that Thou doest all things well, even though they be dark to us.

We come to Thee as our refuge and our help in every time of need to invoke thy special presence and blessing at this present time. Wilt Thou grant, O Lord, to minister unto the bereaved household those comforts, those consolations, which Thou alone canst give.

We come with thankful hearts for the life that has been lived by thy dear servant, so consecrated, so useful, so blessed in its influence upon multitudes. We come blessing Thee for what he was to his beloved household, what he was to this church, to our Seminary, to the large circle of friends, to all those great interests of thy kingdom with which he was so closely connected and where he accomplished so much, as we trust, for the advancement of thy kingdom. We thank Thee in this hour for the precious memory that we have of him in his past life. We thank Thee that he still lives, and will live, through the influence which he has exerted while on the earth. We bless Thee that from out of the dark cloud that overshadows us we hear thy voice, saying unto us: *Blessed are the*

* Offered at the Funeral Service of Sunday, 2 May, 1909.

dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. And we thank Thee, O divine Savior, for the assurance Thou hast given us that whosoever believeth on Thee shall never die.

In this faith and with these blessed hopes do we engage in the services of this hour. Seal them to our good, to the benefit of all those who were associated with thy servant. And grant that we each one of us may learn to so live and to so labor that when the Master's voice shall come to us, bidding us enter into the heavenly home, we shall be fully prepared with our work done and well done.

We ask all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, our divine Savior. AMEN.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.*

PROFESSOR HARPER.

At the last memorial service attended by Dr. Scott just a few days ago he chose for the scripture lesson the twenty-third psalm. May I ask the congregation to join with me in the repetition of that psalm in his memory.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

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* Read at the Funeral Service of Sunday, 2 May, 1909.

PRAYER.*

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Eternal Father, strong to save thy children in every hour when help from the unseen must come for our need; Giver of comfort and of peace in the trial hour of the soul: blessed is the man that putteth his trust in Thee!

We cast ourselves upon Thee, O Father. Make us strong in the faith which this thy servant had. We know, because he knew; and he knew, because he had found the full assurance and the certainty in his relation to the living God. We thank Thee, O God, for this triumph of the trusting, childlike soul. As we commit our way unto Thee, we would do it in the faith and confidence which he possessed and exemplified. May the temper of this final moment of love and devotion be that of hope and courage and victory. We do not think of his life as ended, but only as begun. He bade us goodnight with prophecy of reunion when the morning should break again; and we know that that prophecy shall be fulfilled. Triumph, achievement and the completion through eternal opportunity of life's endeavor; this, O Father, we believe may be our thought of him as we pray for comfort and help.

And for comfort and help we must pray. Our human life is impoverished, our resources for service are diminished by what has come. Open our eyes that we may see through what reinforcement of divine help thy kingdom's concerns shall be established. Give those, we pray Thee, who bear new responsibilities made sacred through inheritance from his hand and heart, give unto them the wisdom and the strength and the fortitude by which they shall be enabled for their task. Heavenly Father, bless through all the years the impression

* Offered at the Funeral Service of Sunday, 2 May, 1909.

and the memory of this teacher's life on the lives of the far scattered fellowship of his disciples. We thank Thee for the word from far off town and distant city, of the blessing, of the personal inspiration, which the teacher exerted over his pupils; and thus he, being dead, yet speaketh.

And now, O Lord, Thou Giver of comfort and strength, we bear Thee in our petition the home circle to which he was more precious than any other earthly object. Come Thou, O Christ, the loving Redeemer who didst at Bethany speak to the waiting, eager hearts, and abide by them, living Presence in this home. May there be the ministry and the comfort of daughter and sons who stand in physical presence in the household and the still living spiritual presence of him who yet and forever liveth. And thus may the living Christ and our brother in his risen life together, kindred in spirit, give to her the assurance of sympathy and of help and of comfort. May we hear, by the fine sense of the spirit, the voice which ever spoke in courage and confidence telling us that he lives with the Father whose love ne'er did his child an injury.

Now, O Father, we shall go to God's Acre with that which was made holy because there tabernacled within it so pure a spirit, to lay it to its rest. Thanks be unto Thee that he liveth in spiritual activity and service, the eager mind still seeking the truth, the dauntless soul still serving God's commands, the deathless spirit still living, nearer to us and stronger than when it tented here. And thus in the faith of the Christ whom he served we do our last act of love and devotion; and may peace and joy and comfort, the gifts of the loving Father, be vouchsafed to us in this our hour of sacramental sorrow, through Christ the Lord, living forever. AMEN.

INVOCATION.*

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Heavenly Father, here in this place of prayer, here where we are stirred by memories of the hallowed place and hour, here where we have listened to the great words of the Master's message and have sung the old songs together, come Thou tonight, as we pray in the Master's name:

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. AMEN.

PRAYER.*

THE REVEREND LUCIUS O. BAIRD.

Our heavenly Father, we pray Thee that in this time of our bereavement our hearts may not be cold. We believe in Thee, we believe in Jesus Christ who hath brought life and immortality to light, and we have been standing by Thee on the threshold of the heavenly mansions this night; and we pause to hear one more voice before we go from this place, the voice of that unseen Friend who so often spoke through our friend, that voice of God which hath touched all the hearts of those who suffer and those who mourn. Our friend's voice, O Father, is hushed in silence and we would hear thine own Spirit speaking to us.

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* Offered at the Memorial Service of Wednesday, 12 May, 1909.

Thou didst take him thy servant and Thou didst lead him to us to feed us, even as Moses fed his people Israel. So he fed us according to the integrity of his heart and he guided us by the skilfulness of his hand; and so, O God, we pray that Thou wilt grant unto us this other human leadership that we have found which has been placed upon the one who enters into his work with us. It is according, O Father, to this integrity of our hearts that we must be led into meeting the needs of human life; and it is by the skilfulness of the divine hand that we must be guided: and so we pray that Thou wilt tarry with us this moment. The day is far spent; but Thou wilt break unto us the Bread of Life and wilt feed it unto us Thine own self. We know, O Father, that except a grain of corn fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. And so we pray Thee that we may answer the hard question that comes to us by the sanctity of our lives, by the renewing of our faith, by the taking of the cup of salvation, in the joy of his spirit, and touching it to the parched spirits of others.

Lord, be with this president as Thou has been with the leader who is now unseen; be with this faculty; be with these students; be with us all and bless us, so that by love and labor we may close the gap which now seems so broad and enter into this larger fellowship with the spirits of the just made perfect.

And this we pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

ORDER OF MEMORIAL SERVICE.

PRELUDE ..... *Guilmant*

"Lamentation"

DOXOLOGY .....

INVOCATION ..... PRESIDENT DAVIS

LORD'S PRAYER .....

QUARTET ..... *Gerrish*

"Still, still with thee"

SCRIPTURE ..... THE REV. F. N. WHITE, D. D.

Romans viii:14-39

ADDRESS ..... ELMER W. GALT

On behalf of the students

ADDRESS ..... PROFESSOR HARPER

On behalf of the faculty

ADDRESS ..... THE REV. B. S. WINCHESTER, B. D.

On behalf of the alumni

HYMN ..... No. 225

"O Love that wilt not let me go"

READING OF MEMORIALS ..... DAVID FALES, ESQ.

On behalf of the directors

QUARTET ..... *Macy*

"Abide with me"

ADDRESS ..... PRESIDENT E. D. EATON, D. D.

On behalf of the colleges

ADDRESS ..... THE REV. EDWIN A. ADAMS, D. D.

On behalf of the churches

HYMN ..... No. 417

"Ten thousand times ten thousand"

PRAYER ..... THE REV. LUCIUS O. BAIRD

RESPONSE .....

BENEDICTION ..... PRESIDENT DAVIS

POSTLUDE ..... *Sparks*

Variations on "Jerusalem the Golden"

FISK HALL.